



T H E

Drunken News-Writer :

A

COMIC INTERLUDE.



[Price SIX-PENCE.]

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THE

THE

Drunk on News-Writer :



COMING IN THE

THE

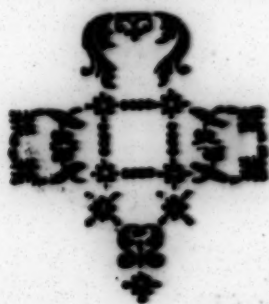
THE

T H E
Drunken News-Writer :
A
COMIC INTERLUDE.

As it is performed at the
Theatre-Royal in the HAYMARKET.

WITH
A N E W S O N G,

Set to **MUSIC,**
And Sung in Character.



L O N D O N:
Printed for G. SMITH, in Greek Street, Soho.
MDCCLXXI.

THE NEW YORK

COMIC INTERLUDE

THE NEW YORK

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(5)

THE
Drunken News-Writer.

SCENE, *a Room ; a Table with a lighted
Candle, Bottle and Glass, and several News-
Papers.*

Enter PARAGRAPH (the News-Writer) drunk.

—SO! safe arrived at last—thanks to
a good *under-standing* and a strong
brain!—Yes—the dogs thought to have
master'd

master'd me, and ply'd me as tho' I had
 been an alderman at a city feast ;—but,
 damn me, I bit 'em—the vessel was found—
 not a leak from head to stern—and I de-
 camp'd with my *lading*, as sober—as I
 ever desire to be.——At home, *myself*—yes,
 this is home——I begin to pity the poor
 devils I've left behind.—I—I will say that for
 myself, I *am* a *good Christian*—damme !—What
 a whimsical group must they form—tumbling
 and rolling about like a set of nine-pins,
 after receiving a plumper from the bowl ;
 —and egad the simile is *a-propos*, since 'tis the
 same whether one is *knock'd down*, or made
incapable of standing !—Well, heav'n be prais'd
 for a firm resolution !—and so—to business.
 —Let me see—Yes !—like a wise caterer, I'll
 collect the best materials from the *other*
 papers,

papers, that I may serve up the more elegant OLIO in my own.—(*Sits down, looks at a paper, then at the candle*) Damn the tallow-chandler!—Ever since I advised the Public to make their own candles, the fellow has served me with such infernal stuff as will scarce afford light enough to distinguish the *Morning Chronicle* from the *London Evening*.—Well, tho' I have often heard master *Smell-fungus* was a man of *light* character, I never thought he would have endeavoured to keep a friend in the *dark*;—but, egad, I find mankind are-alike in their passions:—and why shoudn't I expect *persecution* for writing a libel upon tallow-chandlers, as well as others for libelling more eminent rogues?—However, as there is an absolute necessity—*pro bona mea*—that I should learn from these
precious

precious packets who are partners in the political contre dance, I'll have a little illumination of my own (*fetches some candlesticks from behind one of the side-scenes, and taking three or four candles from a drawer in the table, lights them up, speaking at the same time*) and, egad, as there is no doubt but some of the company, in *figuring IN* and *crossing OVER*, will make many false steps, it will be extremely *a-propos* to rejoice,---since we News-Writers gain a regular subsistence by general confusion. At all events, the lights I shall throw upon public matters will be innocent;---for I shall keep all within doors, and neither heads nor windows will be broken on the occasion.-----

So ! now 'twill do.---Let me see---(*sits down, and prepares to read the papers*) the Public Advertiser---right!---I like to take things
accord,

according to order---the *Public Advertiser* is
 like---what?---Egad it is like a MADE DISH
 ---full of *good things*, and of the most *opposite*
 qualities.--Yes!--The *Public Ledger* is *water-*
gruel without *salt* or *butter*--and has neither
flavour or *substance*.---The GAZETTEER,---OF
 the NEW DAILY ADVERTISER---is like an
 UNFILLED HOGSHEAD---full of *sound*, and
empty ;---and the *Daily Advertiser*---pardon,
 O ye sons of trade, if I call the *Daily* a
 BASKET of *chips*---for it is *dry*, and fit only
for the fire--And so having finished my digres-
 sion, let me see what these dispatches bring --
 (*reads*) " The following may be depended
 on as *authentic*"---'Pshaw! that's a *lie*---
 for I wrote it myself---(*reads*) " The Right
 Hon. Lord Chatham"---um---" yesterday was
 carried to St. Luke's Hospital, without hopes

of recovery."——"A prodigious number of *black spots* have lately been discovered on the sun"—A guinea to a shilling but 'tis owing to *hard drinking*!—best keep out of the sun-shine then; for the disorder may be *infectious*.—But what says the *Gazetteer*?——"Monday last died Timothy Richly, Esq;,"—"and was afterwards presented to his Majesty at St. James's"—"He was last night buried in St. Clement's Church-yard,"—"and was most graciously received."——"A prodigious number of counterfeit half-pence are now in circulation,"—"Britannia is turned upside down."—Ah! like enough!—but as to *counterfeiting*, why 'tis all the fashion—counterfeit wit—counterfeit honesty—counterfeit patriotism—and the ladies put the *counterfeit* upon us in their *head-dress*.—— But I'm afraid

afraid I am growing serious, and I can't bear---no, I can't bear that;---I'll try then whether a bumper of *French brandy* will heighten a *British spirit*---(taking off his hat, drinks) "To *Apollo* and *Plutus*"---for wit without money is *almost* as bad as money without wit---(reads) "Tuesday last was married Mr. James Webster"---"the cause of this rash action is attributed to love."---"The following is a correct list of the *Literati*"---"David Ritchie, hair-cutter."---"A few days since the wife of a tradesman, near Tower-hill, was safely delivered of"---"three chests of tea, four ankers of brandy, and a large quantity of French lace."---"Yesterday there was a levee at St. James's, when his Majesty received the compliments of---a prodigious number

number of pickpockets"---Well! I shall always be civil to pickpockets, because one of the fraternity very much diverted me:---Coming home t'other night, a boy whipp'd his hand into my pocket, and drew out my handkerchief.---I seized him instantly, and threaten'd to send him to the Compter ; when the dog thus excused himself.----" Pray, your honour, forgive me ---indeed 'tis my *first* offence---Here's your *own* handkerchief again ; and take, besides, any one of *these five* you like best."---But to business---to business---(*reads*) " We are desired to inform our readers, that the paragraph respecting the sale of the *Cannon* is"---" a *Gun*."---" From Paris we learn the weather is very severe ; and that a great *frost*"---" has taken place between the French
King

King and Madame Barré."---" A lady of rank and fortune has lately become enamour'd of"---" a highly finish'd picture of a Roman gladiator."---Ha! ha! ha!---I remember at the time the Corsican general was much talked of, a lady of my acquaintance---a great patriot---had a strong inclination to purchase *his* picture; but as several were published much about the same time *totally unlike each other*---tho' all said to be *striking likenesses*---she knew not where to fix: In this dilemma, she repaired to a female friend---" There are, says she, my dear, *three* pictures published of that charming fellow Paoli.---I must have the dear creature---but, tell me---you are a judge---which shall I send for?---Shall I have him *sideways*---*three*

quarters,

quarters, or"---" No, (interrupts the other)
 you shall take him--at *full length*!"--But odso!
 I have not seen an Irish paper these three
 weeks--and here's the Dublin Journal---
 Let's see--(*reads*) "*Kilkenny, Feb. 9.* Notwith-
 standing the early season of the year, the
 weather is remarkably mild; and last week
 some fine *cucumbers* were cut from the hot-
 beds of Patrick O'Blunder, Esq; which were
 the first *wall-fruit* that has been gathered
 this year."---Ah! this is my old friend *Tom*
Bull's writing---I know it as well as Lord
 Mansfield does the style of Junius.--But
 to proceed--(*reads*) "*Dublin, Feb. 10.* A duel
 was fought between Dermot O'Botherwell
 and Phelim O'Barebones in the market-place,
 The cause of the dispute was, that *Barebones*
 demanded *two groats* for a parcel of fish,
 whilst

whilst *Dermot* swore he would have them for *eight pence*. The first blow was given by *Barebones*, which fractured the skull of his antagonist, and he died on the spot.---

However, there being some foul play, it was strongly insisted on by some gentlemen present that the battle should be fought over again next week."---Very pleasant, indeed!

---Well, I must confess, I never was fond of fighting. To be sure, I have killed my man; ---poor *Tim Witting*---but not a blow was struck;---'twas over a bottle---and all the blood spilt was *red port*.---Yes! poor *Tim*!

---he lov'd port---and he's come to *port* at last;---he has at length passed the storms of this life---and I warrant the inside of his coffin looks as rosy as the bottom of a long cork.---Ay! I remember *Tim's* favourite song

was

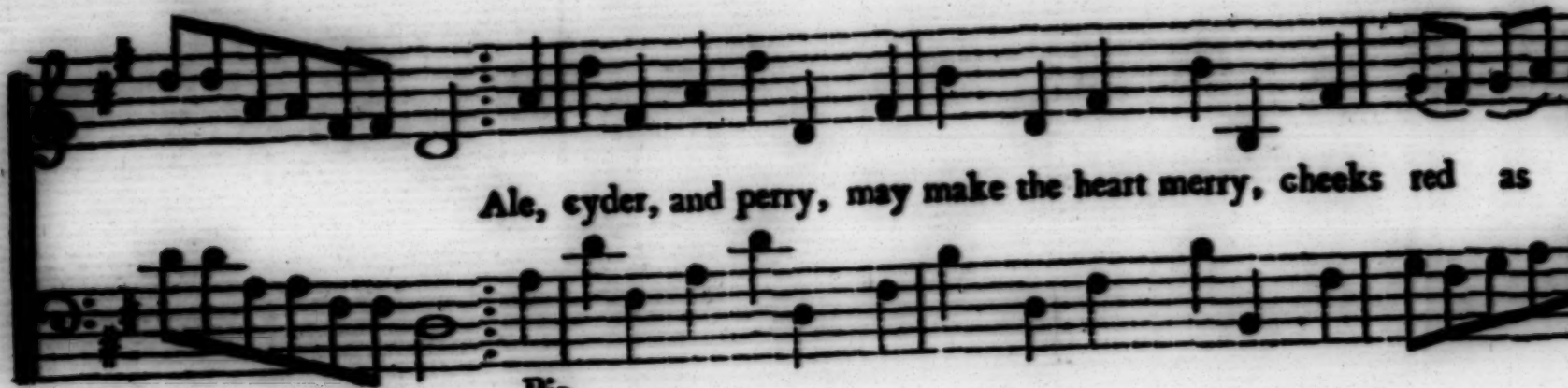
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was his *Bottle of Red Port*, as he used to call it—Egad I'm in spirits—and will endeavor to sing it—in honour of the dear dog's memory.



SONG.

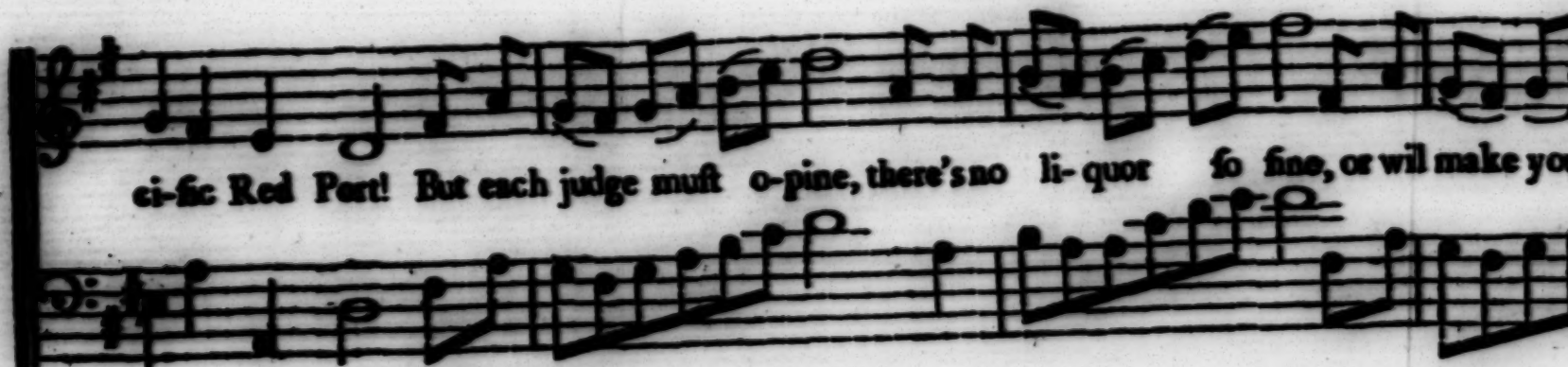
ALLEGRO MODERATO



Ale, cyder, and perry, may make the heart merry, cheeks red as



But each judge must o-pine, there's no li-quer so fine



ci-fic Red Port! But each judge must o-pine, there's no li-quer so fine, or will make you

II.

When two friends become foes,
Or disputes rise to blows,
Of RED PORT a good dose
Will cause each the same way to think;
And the Muses inspire,
Boldly twanging the lyre,
With most judgment and fire,
When mellow'd the huffies by drink.

III.

Is your mistress inc
To be cy or unkin
Ne'er believe you w
The boy Cupid to aid, o
But to Bacchus m
In briskvine lies y
Ply herwell with l
And her coyests, depend



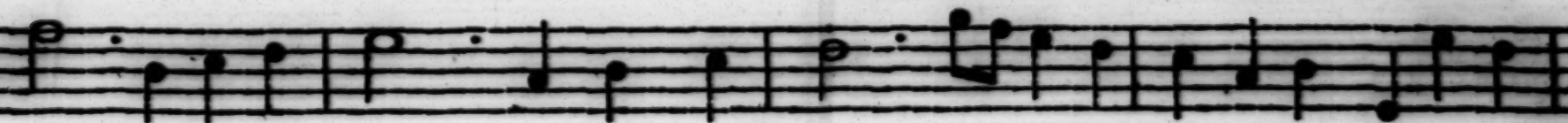
ks red as a cher-ry, and yield you abundance bundance of sport.



For



li-quer so fine, or will make the nose shine, like that charming spe-ci-fic, that charming that charming spe-



er will make your nose shine, like that charming that charming specific RED PORT.



III.

our mistress inclin'd
e cy or unkind,
bieve you will find
up to aid, or relieve;
o IACCHUS make court,
skvine lies your forte--
erwell with RED PORT,
oyes, depend on't, she'll leave.

IV.

Short's the life of a man--
Fill up the whole span;
Let mirth be your plan,
And peace with good-humour still court;
Be each mortal's design,
On his joys to refine,
As I do on mine,
With a bottle of sparkling RED PORT.